

EL PASO HERALD

Established April, 1881. The El Paso Herald includes also, by absorption and succession, The Daily News, The Telegraph, The Telegram, The Tribune, The Graphic, The Sun, The Advertiser, The Independent, The Journal, The Republican, The Bulletin.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS AND AMER. NEWS-PUBLISHERS' ASSOC. Entered at the Postoffice in El Paso, Tex., as Second Class Matter.

Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

The El Paso Herald is issued six days a week and the Weekly Herald is published every Thursday, at El Paso, Texas, and the Sunday Mail Edition is also sent to Weekly Subscribers.

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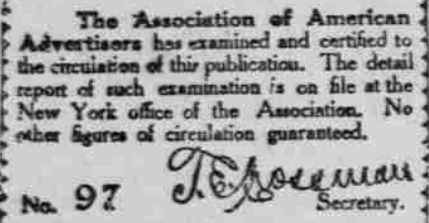
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The Increased Freight Tariff

WELL illustrating the changed conditions in the traffic world brought about by the interstate commerce laws of congress, a recent bulletin of the interstate commerce commission is a striking exhibit. It will be remembered that early in this year nearly all the railroads filed an increased tariff to take effect almost immediately. The proposal to increase freight rates throughout the country to an extent varying from 5 to 25 percent right in the face of a generally depressed condition of industry and business, excited such violent opposition that president Taft prevailed upon the railroads to defer the filing and operation of their new tariff until after the new law should have taken effect providing for preliminary investigation and approval by the interstate commerce commission before such joint rates should become effective. The understanding arrived at by the president and the leaders in the railroad world staved off the popular opposition for the time being, and in the press of other matters the near arrival of the day on which the increased rates were to become effective has been almost lost sight of.

The schedule as amended by the railroads in the conference with president Taft made the rates effective October 10. Now the power of the interstate commerce commission under the newly amended law asserts itself, for the commission "upon complaint, without formal pleading, and without answer by the interested carriers" purposes to "enter upon a hearing concerning the propriety of such advances and the lawfulness of the rates, fares, or charges stated in said schedule, with a view to making such order in the premises as may after full hearing seem just and proper."

The beneficent working of the new law authorizing the interstate commerce commission to prevent the application of unjust rates is best illustrated by this paragraph in the bulletin of the interstate commerce commission:

"The commission is further of the opinion that pending such hearing and decision of the commission, the operation of such schedules should be postponed, for the reason that from a consideration of the character and amount of the advances and the circumstances under which they have been made, it appears that the commission that there is sufficient ground for claiming that said advances are unlawful and that the rates, fares, or charges of said schedule are unjust and unreasonable, therefore unlawful, and that the public interest requires that the operation of said schedule be deferred until sufficient time has been given for investigation by the commission. It is further ordered that the operation of the aforesaid schedule be suspended and that the rates, fares, or charges therein specified be deferred until February 6, 1911."

Then follows a list of 500 different railroad companies which are made defendants to the proceeding and on which formal notice is served.

Yet only yesterday we overheard an El Pasoan declaring that "the railroads own the government, and are stronger than the government."

Valley development first; the Pecos valley short-line railroad second; artesian water, oil, and gas development third; thus may be outlined the big work before this community for the next few years. A first-class hotel for El Paso will help along all three projects.

The government is investigating the underground waters in the Sulphur Springs valley near Douglas, Ariz. Some 2,000,000 acres of government land will be affected by the report soon to be issued.

Out in the Salt river valley they raise corn by the ton, not by the bushel. Tempe reports two tons to the acre.

Voters who do not favor the election of the present district clerk may vote for the opposing candidate with the knowledge that they will help to elect to office a fit, capable, and energetic man. It is time for a change.

Developing Underground Waters

A TEST well of the Douglas, Ariz., waterworks, 290 feet deep, produces an abundance of water which rises to within 40 feet of the surface. In some wells in that vicinity the water rises to within 15 feet of the surface. The national government is now engaged in investigating the underground water supply of the Sulphur Springs valley near Douglas.

There is no doubt a great future for many of the valleys and plains of the southwest that are now dry and neglected by settlers, when the underground water sources are thoroughly tested by wells. By practicing the well established methods of scientific soil culture, conserving the rainfall and supplementing the natural supply by a moderate quantity of water from wells, using windmills for pumping, it is probable that millions of acres of land now regarded as comparatively useless will be taken up by settlers and successfully developed.

Now the newspapers in the territories are scrapping the status of the probate courts under the new constitutions. One faction is so bold as to demand that estates be administered by an officer who knows a little bit of something about the law and that records be kept; the other faction meets this demand with the declaration that "the people must have a fuller voice in the conduct of public affairs and they will not allow themselves to be bound by legal chains fastened upon them under the guise of beneficial legislation."

For several years a large proportion of the voters have been anxious to unseat the present district clerk, Ike Alderete, and elect some other man to the office. The reasons for welcoming a change are known to every voter, and now those who wish to favor for this position a clean man and reputable citizen, who will make a capable official, all they have to do is to write the name of J. E. Rhein, the opposing candidate, on their ticket for district clerk.

El Paso is fortunate in having as her guests just at this time the consulting board of army engineers, investigating the status of the government reclamation works. This valley can stand any amount of investigation. A thorough understanding of the conditions here is all that is necessary to enlist the support of any conscientious representative of the government.

No man who frequents the keno games in Juarez or who has anything to do with them deserves the confidence of his fellow men in any business transaction. A man prominently connected with the keno games was recently interviewed in the gamblers' organ, the morning daily paper, as stating that the games over there take in \$10,000 a week in gold. Probably 95 percent of their receipts come from wage-workers from this side of the river. The drain of this money out of El Paso's legitimate trade channels the last year through this source has undoubtedly been very heavy and has accounted in no small degree for the prevailing stringency.

UNCLE WALTS Denatured Poem

Oscar Maun

Copyright, 1910, by George Matthews Adams.

I WALK through the streets of the city, as gay as a bumblebee, and my heart it is singing a ditty of gladness and sunshine and glee; and then I encounter some fellows—the heart music suddenly stops; for they lean on their green umbrellas, and talk of the weather and crops. I call at the home of a lady; my heart and my soul are at ease; I swallow some drinks lemonade, and pretzels, and fragments of cheese; I'm speaking of poets and mystics—how quickly the mercury drops. For some one is springing statistics concerning the weather and crops! Artful for my modest alpaca, and collar of byronic roll, I call at the store for tobacco, some chin whiskered Daps, their voices rise higher and higher, discussing the weather and crops. Sometimes, when I contemplate dying, I feel a cold thrill of despair; I fear that the seraphim flying around in the ether up there, may weary of singing their choruses, and send their harps back to the shops, and sit in a circle and bore us with talk of the weather and crops.

The End of the Engagement

By Viggo Toepfer.

Frank Seefold was at the same time happy and full of despair. He was in love and about to marry—but not the girl he loved. He had just met Minna Buntmeier since he had met pretty Tilly Melnard. Frank was a drummer, a smart young fellow whom girls everywhere found it difficult to resist, but he was tired of flirting and wanted to settle down since he had met Tilly at a dance. But what was worrying him now was how to get rid of his present sweetheart, Minna Buntmeier without any scandal. To tell the truth he was very much afraid of Minna, and still more of his future mother-in-law, Mrs. Buntmeier. He had not known Minna—it was rather she who had picked out him for her victim. He had made a hit in society and Minna had fallen in love with him. She was not a girl who could lay any claims to beauty or wit, but her father had left her a considerable fortune and Frank had been lured by the glare of the money.

He was 26, she was 20, and the wedding was to take place in three weeks. All the papers had been taken out, a minister had been engaged, the wedding feast was being ordered, and the wedding gown fitted and it seemed almost impossible to change the order of things now.

To write a mere farewell letter would never do. His sweetheart was a good and kind girl who had never known the pangs of heartache. To annoy his mother-in-law so that she might show him the door, was also out of the question. She was not easily annoyed. And besides you never felt like annoying her, when you looked at her. She was still very good looking, far more so than her daughter. She had become a widow when quite young and was now only 39.

In this dilemma he decided to consult Tilly. At first she tried to make

a scene, for Frank had never told her he was engaged, but when she saw how utterly miserable he looked, her heart softened, and it did not take her long to find a way out of the trouble.

"I have it, Frank," she said. "Your fiancée must be the one to break the engagement, or she may sue you for breach of promise."

Then she told him just what to do, and Frank went home very much pleased and greatly impressed with the ingenuity of his beloved.

Frank was sitting in a cozy parlor opposite his future mother-in-law. His heart was beating wildly. It must be done now, for Minna was about to return home from the seaside. Frank was all alone, and he was in a whirl and he talked so much nonsense that his mother-in-law at last exclaimed: "But what in the world is the matter with you Frank? Tell me what is worrying you."

"Do not tell quite well," Frank stammered. "There is something I must tell you."

"But why don't you tell me then?"

Frank gathered all his courage and in a voice that trembled with emotion, he said: "My dear Mrs. Buntmeier, forgive me, as an honest man I cannot marry your daughter. I love someone else."

Mrs. Buntmeier's eyes shot fire.

"Who is it?" she cried. "Whom do you love?"

"I really do not know how to begin," he stammered. "It is very hard for me to say, but—oh, Mrs. Buntmeier, it is you. I love with all my heart."

Mrs. Buntmeier was speechless with consternation. She did not seem to understand or believe her own ears.

"Who? You love me? Explain yourself a little more plainly, Frank."

"How can I," cried Frank. "It is you I love! Oh, God! I love my own mother-in-law! Well, I have said it."

Beatrice Fairfax Married Men Are Trouble Makers

MY apartment was being painted, and for a week I had been dining at a nearby restaurant. Three times during the week I had happened to sit near a couple in whom I had become much interested.

The man was middle-aged, very good looking, well dressed, with "success" written all over him. The girl was a pretty little thing, rather overdressed in a cheap way, and her pretty head was, I fancy, rather an empty one.

But, if empty of brains, it was full of something else, and that was, thoughts of the man sitting opposite her. She gazed at him as though he were all of heaven or earth, drinking in with delight the flattering words which he most obviously was uttering.

Toward the end of the week I had an engagement to lunch with a friend at one of the large uptown restaurants.

The man encountered in the hall awaiting my hostess.

Presently a man took a seat opposite me and opened a newspaper. He, too, was evidently waiting for somebody.

He had waited about 10 minutes, when the door was opened by a laughing voice. "There he is, mother," and a handsome middle-aged man and four young girls, all in motor costume, came down the corridor.

The man stood up and I really looked at him for the first time. He was the man of the downtown cafe.

"I'm sorry we are so late, dear," said the woman, laying an affectionate hand on his arm. "but we had a puncture and it took a long time to fix it."

"Daddy, darling," said a charming, pretty girl of about 18, "are you coming to the theater with us? Do come; we haven't seen you since Sunday, and it's such fun to have you with us."

What of the Other Girl?

The man looked at her with all a father's love and pride in his eyes.

"I can't manage it, Pussy," he said, tenderly. "I must go back to the office and work this afternoon."

The group moved away, the husband and wife lingering behind the girls to chat.

And what of the other girl, I thought, the poor, pretty, little, empty-headed girl who is throwing herself away on this man.

He was very fond and proud of his family, one could see that at a glance. But his wife was middle-aged, romance and passion were worn out.

He was a tender, indulgent husband and father, all that was best in him was centered on his family. With his life he would defend the honor of the woman who bore his name and was so dear to him.

The pretty, little, empty-headed girl was no older than his own daughter, and yet he was treating her in a way for which he would have killed the man who treated his daughter so.

His family were away; he was alone in town, bored and lonely; he was filling in the time by sacrificing the little, empty-headed girl.

He took her out to dinner and flattered her and made love to her, and he would forget all about her in six months.

Beware the Married Man.

His family he would love and protect all the rest of his life, and if the little, empty-headed girl made trouble he would sacrifice her ruthlessly.

And that's the part of this story that I want you to remember, girls. A married man will make love to you, but he will sacrifice you absolutely.

Your attraction for him is but a fleeting emotion. He will not leave his family for you; he is merely amusing himself.

Do you want to break your heart and ruin your life for a man's amusement?

Mutt and Jeff are with us. Another appearance today on sport page. Every day in The Herald hereafter.

"ALL ABOUT THE SUICIDE"

By Randolph Lloyd.

For the love of a merciful God, and in His name, Amen: In such measure as I have suffered, O Lord, let me be gentle to those who suffer, wherein life has held torture for me, let me bring peace to some soul less strong than I; for all the burden of my silent years, let me wake hope and trust and comfort in some heart where courage is too hard thing to know, and in so far as men have been unmerciful to me, grant Thou, O Lord, that I may help, and soothe, and heal.

Crowds upon crowds at the plaza—throughs upon throughs in the busy streets—young and old, rich and poor, gay and sorrowful—some going happily to blessed homes, some not knowing where to find shelter as the darkness settles down—some the leisurely dinner guests of luxury, some wan and faint with hunger.

All at once comes a newswoman's shrill cry: "Evening paper! All 'bout de suicide!"

In how many tortured hearts does that word turn the rusted knife, opening the bruised wound that can never heal? A word beside which murder is a gentle word, he who takes his own life must already have suffered so deeply more than death—and those

who love him, so long as this life endures, suffer so terribly more than he. O, you who day and night are broken on the rack because your strength could not avail a friend, do I not know?

A cry from the child-tips of a little newswoman who does not know—a man catches a quick breath and turns away—a hurrying woman stops suddenly—her hands clasped, too late, in convulsive horror to her ears. I wonder, the cold clutch of a life-long torture in my own soul, how many in that hushed throng suffer anew the pain for which there is no succor.

Whatever else we cry upon the streets, of wrong, for the sake of the innocent sufferers, and in pity for frail human hearts, let us leave that word unsaid—for cried aloud it may hurt as nothing else in all eternity could hurt. For in this age of unbridled impulse and of untrained will, this made age of distorted vision, of false conditions, of whirlwind instabilities, who knows when the suggestive word may reach a brain too weary to resist, too dazed to reason, too blind to see that in this world there is any road in which he may

Department of the Interior Looks After Many Things

VIII—THE GOVERNMENT AT WORK.

THE department of the interior has a varied lot of things to look after. Patents, pensions, public lands, bounty lands, Indians, education, conservation, reclamation, mining, public parks, map making, water resources—these are some of the things which occupy the attention of the secretary of the interior. Like all other cabinet officers, he has his assistant secretary. There are two in his department. One has immediate oversight of Indian affairs, public lands and appropriations; while the other has charge of matters pertaining to the bureau of education, the patent office, and the pension office. There is also a chief clerk, the man upon whom devolves the duty of supervising the work of the department, and seeing that the orders of his superior officers are carried out. There is also an assistant attorney general, a disbursing officer, and chiefs of the divisions of mails and files, publications and supplies.

Patent Office Ranks First.

The patent office ranks first among the bureaus of the interior department. Thomas Jefferson is the inventor of the American patent system. The patent office always has been a self-supporting institution. In point of fact, it has created a surplus of \$7,000,000 from the fees received from inventors. It now desires to have a home of its own and thinks Uncle Sam ought to allow it to use its \$7,000,000 surplus for building such a home. Although the building which houses this bureau is known as the patent office, it is in reality the home of the interior department.

Patents are being applied for at the rate of 60,000 a year, and are issued at the rate of about 35,000 a year. There have been upwards of 1,600,000 applications filed since the organization of the office and more than a million patents have been granted. They are now expiring at the rate of about 22,000 a year. Many inventors are embarrassed by the fees of funds as is shown by the fact that over 6,000 patents are withheld each year because the patentees have been unable to make the final payment thereon. The first fee is fifteen dollars and the final one twenty dollars. There are also fees prescribed for the re-issuance of patents, for design patents, caveats, assignments, drawings, etc.

It is becoming difficult to find profitable patentable ideas. In one division of the patent office there is kept a list of all the patents on wrenches, and it would seem that thousands of wrench patents have exhausted nearly every patentable idea in that line. The same is true of every other division of the department. In the case of slot machines there are thousands

now, and you can do with me as you please."

The parts had been changed now. It was Mrs. Buntmeier's turn to feel

confused, while Frank quickly regained composure. Tilly was right. Tell a widow of 39, who has almost given up every hope, that you love her, and the wonderful will happen. She will forgive you anything, even that you cannot marry her daughter, and she will not for a moment doubt that you are speaking the truth.

Mrs. Amelia Buntmeier did not doubt. She was well with joy. Good lord! Her charms were not all gone then! She was surely much better looking than many young girls. She was not angry, not the least bit, and her voice was tender and gentle as she said: "But tell me, my dear Frank, how all this happened."

How it happened Frank could not tell, but when he looked at her he saw danger ahead. She was evidently about to throw her arms around his neck, and just in the critical moment the door opened and Minna entered.

"Why, Frank, dear," she exclaimed gaily, "are you here already?"

Frank did not answer. He kept on looking at Mrs. Buntmeier, whose eyes were beaming with joy.

"But good lord! What has happened here," the girl cried.

"Ask your mother, dear, she will tell you everything. I cannot do it," cried Frank, who picked up his hat and ran out of the room.

The next morning he was feverishly awaiting the arrival of the letter carrier, but when he came there was no letter. When Frank looked in the morning paper he found the following advertisement on the front page:

"I hereby beg to announce that I have broken off my engagement to Mr. Frank Seefold."

"Minna Buntmeier."

Late in the morning he received the letter he had been waiting for. It was only a very small scented sheet containing the words:

"My Dear Frank:

"I cannot be. Minna is furious. We must never meet again."

Your Unhappy Amelia."

Some of the words were blurred as if drops of water had fallen on the paper.

Next day Frank left town and six months later he and Tilly Melnard were married.

14 Years Ago To-day

From The Herald Of This Date 1908

Judge Frazer of Reeves county is in town.

"N. J. Roy is able to be out after his illness."

Mrs. E. H. Booth has returned to Albuquerque.

Henry Pfaff, manager for R. F. Johnson & company, has married a New Orleans woman and the couple are now off on their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ware Allen of El Paso will soon remove to the City of Mexico, in the interests of the Mexican Ore company.

There went down to Chihuahua last night from this city to attend Gov. Ahumada's ball: Mrs. Moran, Miss Kate Crosby, Miss Lucille Davis, Mrs. Bufford and James Maroffin. Mrs. Moran, daughter of Judge Crosby, had her trunk, which were not at the depot in time for the train yesterday.

The band is giving regular concerts on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at Ft. Bliss.

Judge F. E. Hunter called a meeting of the county commissioners to day to locate polling places, appoint judges of election and hear over the tax rolls.

The Republicans of Dona Ana county have nominated Pat Garrett for sheriff.

of them, of all shapes and sizes, even down to one which will take the picture of any man trying to pass a bad nickel, but which will shine his shoes if the nickel is a good one.

The Pension Office.

The pension office is one of the biggest money-handling bureaus of the government. Since the Civil war it has paid out about four billion dollars in pensions. More than 3,000,000 applications have been filed, and upward of 1,000,000 of these have been allowed. There are now about 950,000 pensioners carried on the rolls. Applications are still coming in at the rate of some 56,000 a year, and are being allowed at the rate of 42,000 a year. It has already paid out more than fifty times as much for pensions on account of the Civil war as was paid out on account of the Revolutionary war. The pension list on account of the Civil war is more than thirty times as great as that of all other American wars together.

Pensions are secured in two ways—under general legislative enactment and by special acts of congress. The bulk of the pensions are allowed upon applications conforming to the general legislation. These pensions are not so defective that they cannot be granted under general legislation, as a rule carry their troubles to congress, and that body annually passes thousands of special acts enabling men to get their names on the roll who otherwise could not do so.

The General Land Office.

The commissioner of the general land office is charged with the survey, management and disposition of the public lands and the settlement of conflicting titles to those lands. He also executes all laws relating to the surveying, prospecting, locating, etc., of lands in the national forests. If an Indian reservation is to be opened up it is his duty to arrange the time and manner of the drawings, and to handle all details relating to the establishment of the homesteaders on their new farms. The sale of public lands in the United States is no small thing. The government has been the direct owner of more than two thousand million acres of land, about one-half of which still remains in its possession. During a recent year 2,500,000 acres were sold for cash, 500,000 acres were given away for services rendered, and 13,000,000 acres were given away to 1,000 homesteaders. Besides this 30 complete town sites were sold, 100 coal mines, 2000 gold mine claims, and 6000 tracts of timber land. This indicates that Uncle Sam does a thriving real estate business.

Many Indians Need Guardianship.

Although the Indians are rapidly being absorbed in the encompassing currents of superior civilization, there still remains enough incompetent ones to require the continuing of national guardianship. This guardianship is delegated to the commissioner of Indian affairs, who has charge of their lands, money, schools, supplies, and general welfare. In the early history of the bureau of Indian affairs the Indian country was divided into large districts, which were in charge of superintendents. These districts, in turn, were subdivided into reservations, and each reservation had its own Indian agent. All of this has been changed and the superintendents no longer exist, while the agents are passing. The affairs of small groups of Indians are now placed in the hands of bonded day school teachers or farmers, who report directly to the commissioner of Indian affairs.

Under present conditions the commissioner is authorized to sell an individual's holdings in tribal lands, where he thinks the money would do the Indian more good than the land; or he may transfer to any competent Indian the complete management of his individual estate. A rule has been established that all Indian signatures

Ella Wheeler Wilcox On a Little Story For Parents

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IF YOU are a father, read the following pretty, true story, and ask yourself if you are as thoughtful and helpful and considerate as the man in the story.

"Without warning, the song of the hermit burst forth close to my ear, and not four feet away, on a low bush, sat my longed-for hermit thrush. He was aware of my presence, for his yellow-ringed, soft brown eyes were fixed intently on me. Yet, with head thrown back and wings slightly drooped, he sang fiercely on, the quivering, arrow-pointed throat pouring forth rippling melody. Gradually I sat up, and the singer hopped to another twig, with apparent agitation, but continued his song."

"A low rustle of a dry leaf behind me caught my ear, and the secret was out. Crouched close to the ground, wings outspread, ran the little mate with a young bird almost ready to fly concealed under its wing. The whole affair was plain. I had chanced near the nest, but on no account among the pine needles, moss and grasses. The father undertakes to attract my attention while the mother spirited away the offspring. The plucky plan would have been carried through without my knowing it."

Are You Helping Your Mate?

Is not that a touching little story of a sweet domestic life? What tact, what delicacy, what tenderness for both mate and offspring the papa bird exhibited.

Are you doing as much toward helping your mate to care for the children and to protect them from danger?

Or are you grumbling and fretting at your wife, scolding her for every trifling occurrence, and making the children happy only when you leave the house?

And yet you feel that you are a higher order of creature than the birds. But are you? Not unless you are a considerate husband, a loving and sympathetic father; not unless you are controlling your temper, and conducting yourself in a sober, orderly and decent manner when in your home, and bearing your share of the anxieties and cares which children entail.

And you, madam, the mother? What are you doing to make your home a port of safety and cheer to weary voyagers over life's sea?

One Mother's Method.

Are you controlling your nerves, keeping your voice low, making your

Abe Martin

By Frederic J. Haack



I wonder how many girls that promised 't' love, honor an' obey in June wish they wuz back among 't' gentle influences of home—an' 't' dinner dishes? Next 't' a Californy railroad folder they haint 'nothin' as allurin' as a poultry catalog.

shall be made by the impression in wax of the right thumb of the signer.